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SASSOR PICTURES



ETHEL ELAINE BARR



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Book .S42B2

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SCISSOR PICTURES



A WORK BOOK AND A PICTURE BOOK



For Children in the Home and School

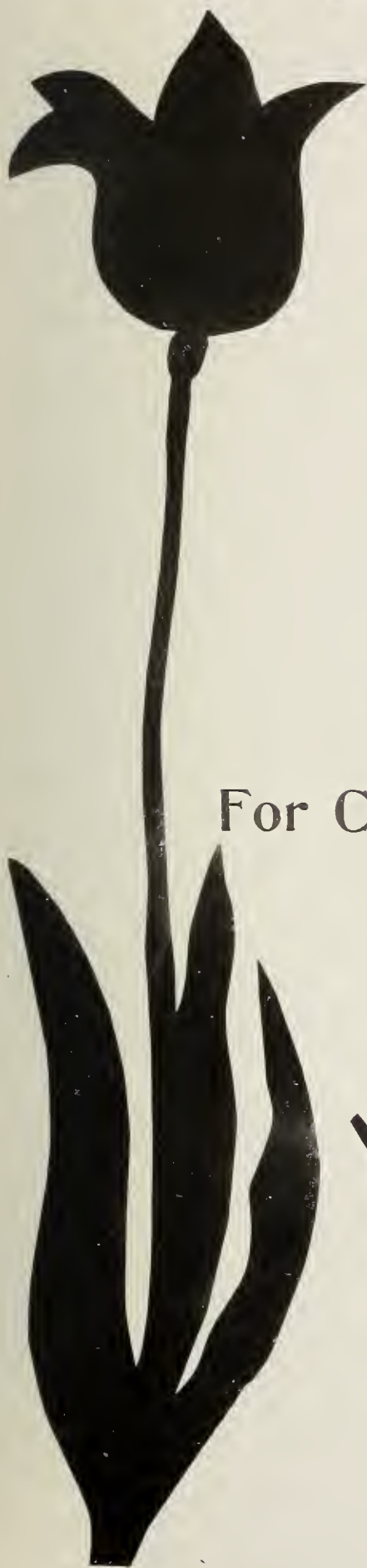


By ETHEL ELAINE BARR

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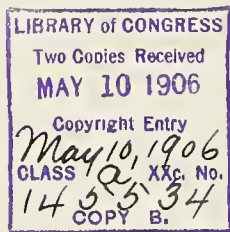
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INTRODUCTION



THE object of this book is to furnish teachers and mothers with seasonable suggestions in the now much used free-hand paper-cutting.

As the work in Scissor Pictures is done without a line or pattern of any kind it is to be hoped that the children will be encouraged to do their work in the same way and also to avoid cutting small and petty designs.

Do we notice how much more interest is taken in a game or piece of work if we enter in with the little folks and forget that we are grown up? It is just so in cutting.

If we cut with the children and not for them, watching for opportunities to praise and not for fault finding, we will find that there are more who are willing to try. Children will recognize their own weaknesses, and when their own work is placed with the work of others they recognize their failures and learn from each other.

When Mary sees her mother or teacher cut a simple object from paper, even though it is roughly done, if there is a resemblance to the object in mind, the child is pleased, and with encouragement will try to do likewise, and very soon is able to cut alone. The little fingers may be taken, with the scissors, within one's own, and a simple object cut; the child, because her hand was there, feels that she can do the work, and with others working around her soon gains independence.

If the teacher feels "I can't," how very soon it is felt in her small audience, and the "can't atmosphere" is so contagious; little children feel unuttered thoughts and read weaknesses in their elders.

Objects must be imaged perfectly in order to reproduce. Use models as for drawing; use other pictures until the form is so stamped in the memory that it is a part of self, and then cut from the memory. We cannot reproduce if we do not know or cannot imagine how an object looks.

Large cuttings, in which a free sweep of the scissors may be used, should be encouraged, and small, cramped designs discouraged. Encourage the cutting of an object from paper, leaving the margin of the paper whole. This has been prettily called "the shadow," and in some instances may be mounted, thus making another picture. The little "shadow" saves unnecessary scraps, and is very pleasing besides. Isolated objects may be cut at first, but soon, with suggestion, ground is made for the figures to stand upon.

All seasons, songs, poems, stories bring simple mind pictures: Perhaps it is Christmas, if it be suggested that we cut a stocking—the simple thing first—we will probably get results. If we should ask for the eight reindeer, the sleigh, and Santa Claus himself, we will not succeed, and then think that such work as free cutting is impossible, when the cause is within ourselves. Ask for something that can be done first, and the children will take care of the rest.

Have the children use scissors that are good and that would not discourage older people. Light-weight wrapping paper, cut into eight or ten inch squares, is easily handled and is cheap. If colored paper is used, especially black, save the eyesight and cut on the white side in a good light.

This is an occupation that can be carried on at home, and is, when the interest is awakened and it is made possible.

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Children are satisfied to play with the unmounted cuttings, and if the work is worth the mounting on neutral tints of bristol board and tied into books, it makes a satisfactory little thing to take home and the child gains in neatness and order in the mounting of it. The scraps very often mean something to the little ones, when we, with our educated eyes, do not see anything but a bit of paper.

Those who have tried this work, and have put failure after it, in their minds, will, I hope, try again and many times. Those who have never tried will find endless pleasure and profit for the children and themselves in free-hand paper cutting.

Free-hand cutting affords another method of expression. It is not a new art, and yet it is only within the last few years that it has held the attention educationally. Quietly but surely it has held its own and won its way. It intensifies the thought of a reading lesson or a story and commends itself to the teacher in the first few grades for busy work. The preparation of material is simple, and as soon as the children see the possibilities they can do the work quietly and with very little help.

By free-hand cutting we mean the cutting of an object with scissors from blank paper without lines, patterns, or folded creases. It sounds as though it were a difficult thing to do, and the consequence is that the grown people, especially, will not try. The children—if it is taken for granted that every one can and does cut—will try, and very often will get very creditable little pictures.

Clearness and definiteness is gained in this work, for there is no erasing, no filling in as there may be in drawing. There may be many papers spoiled in the first attempts, for the child must learn by experience in this as in other things. We are not necessarily discouraged in the teaching of other subjects beyond ever trying again, and yet there are so many who drop the scissors after the first attempt in this fascinating work and seem to think that they are trying the impossible. Every child can cut something if he has a clear mental picture and has the power in his hands.

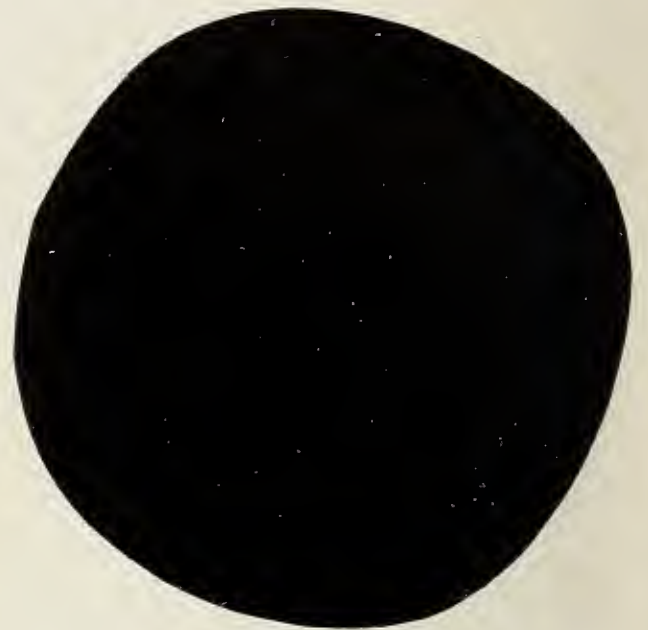
Free-hand cutting strengthens the mind and memory, for the pictures must be formed and retained in order to be reproduced. The hands must be steady and sure; therefore a child who is mentally or physically tired should not be asked to do free-hand cutting. The results in this work are seen so quickly that from the work itself a child is not tired, only strengthened in mind and body.

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Autumn





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CHRISTMAS

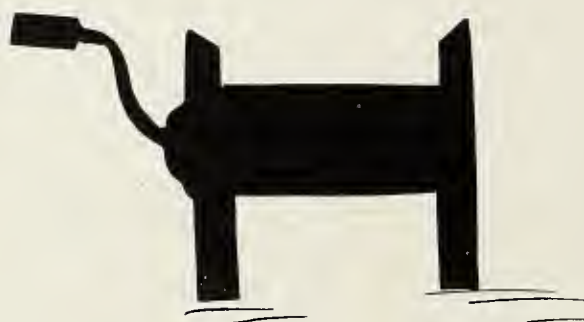








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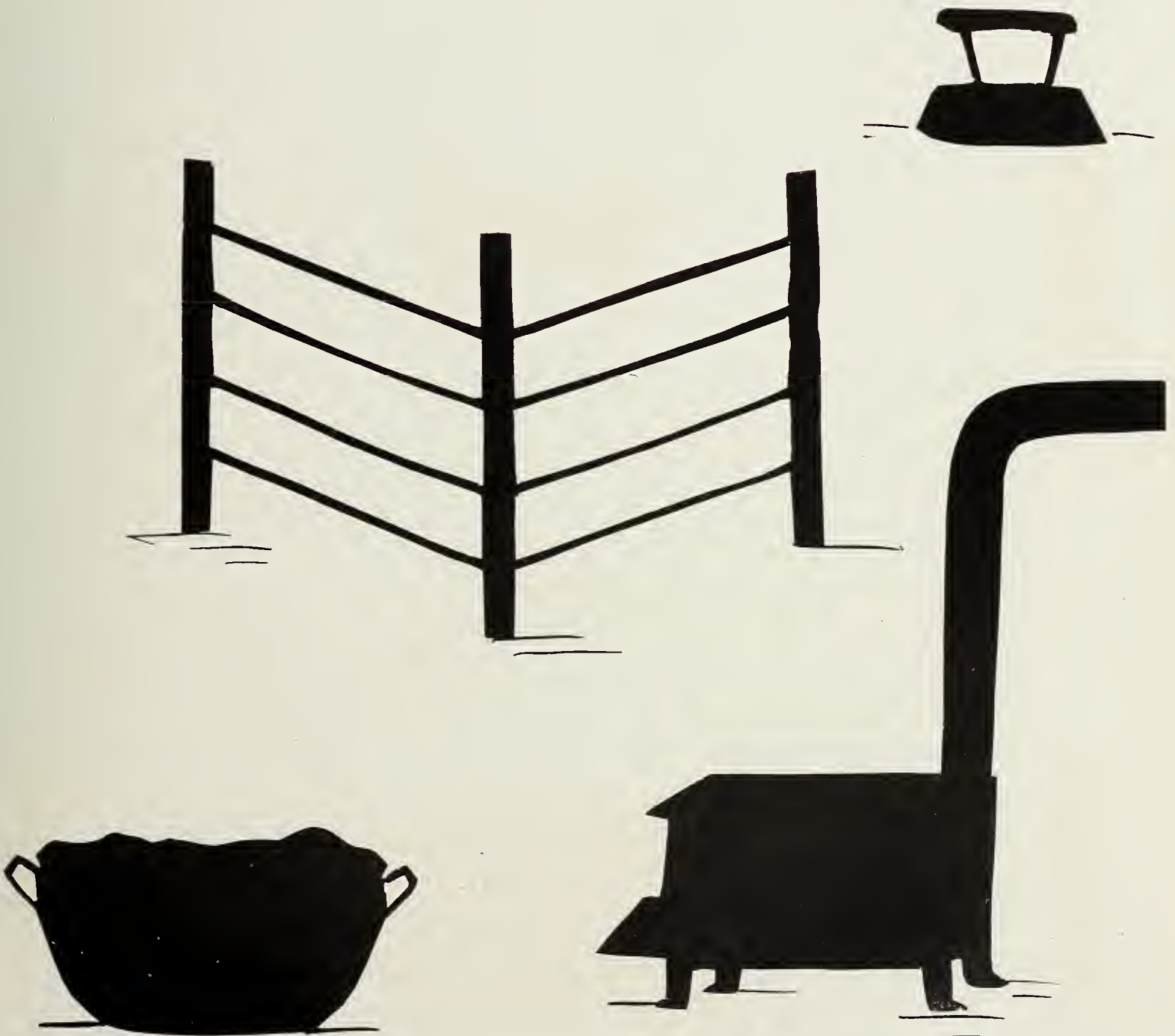


On Monday I wash my dollies' clothes;





On Tuesday smoothly press 'em.



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On Wednesday mend their little hose.





On Thursday neatly dress 'em.



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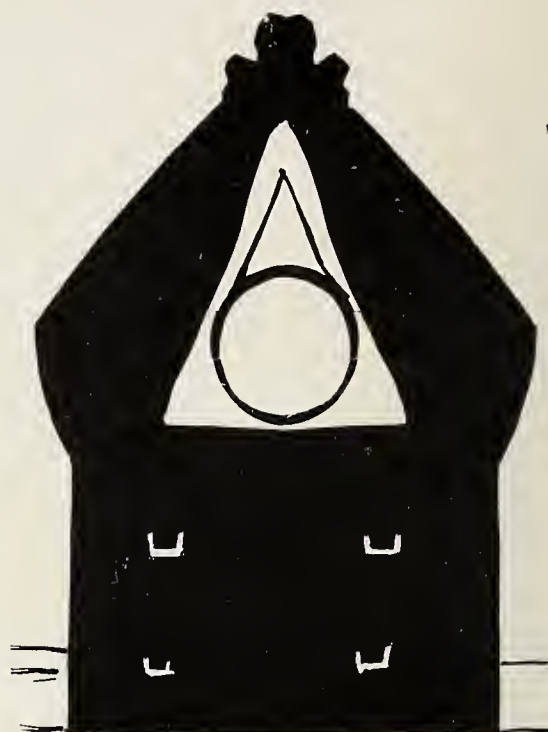


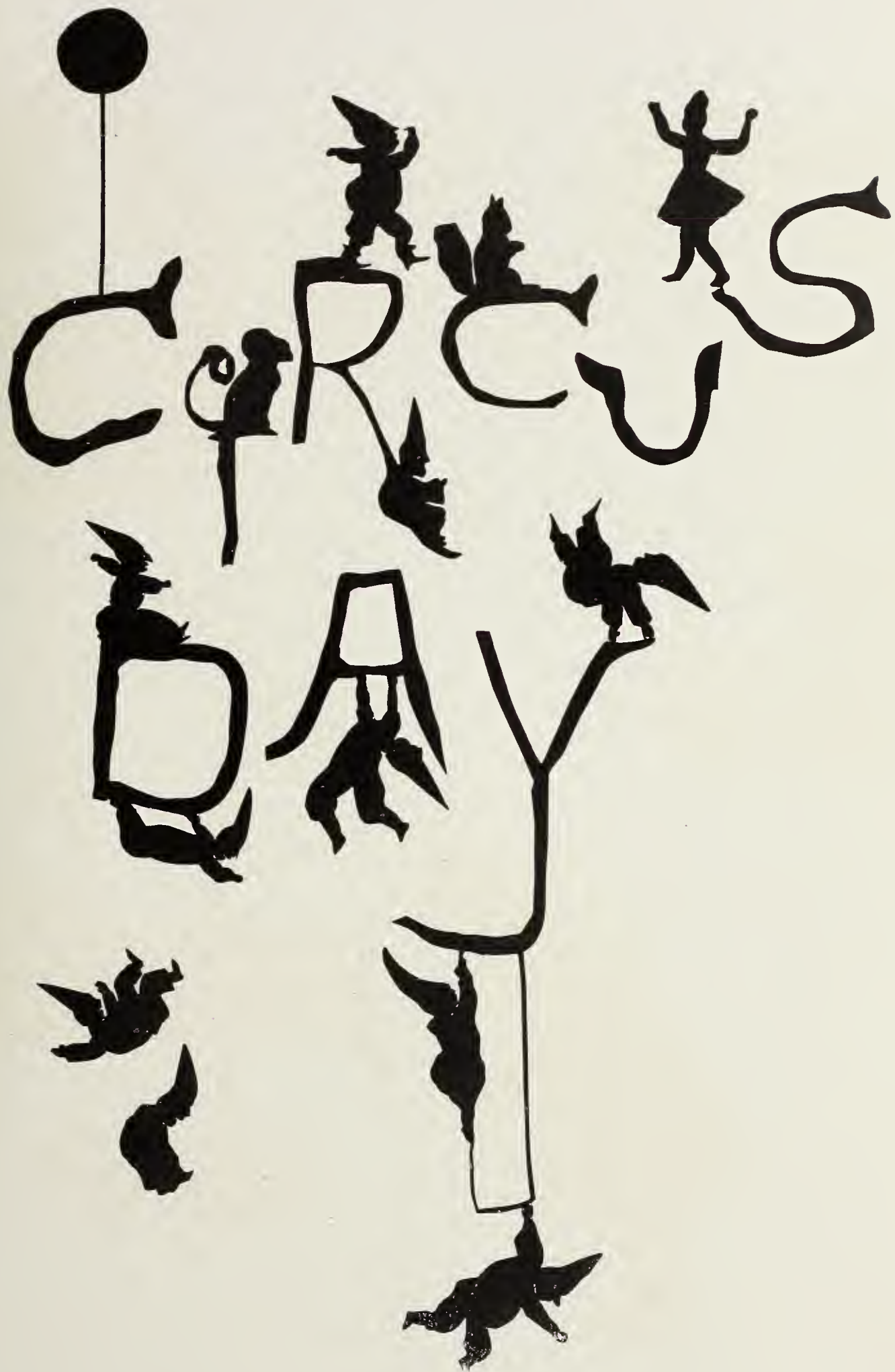
On Friday I play they are taken ill.





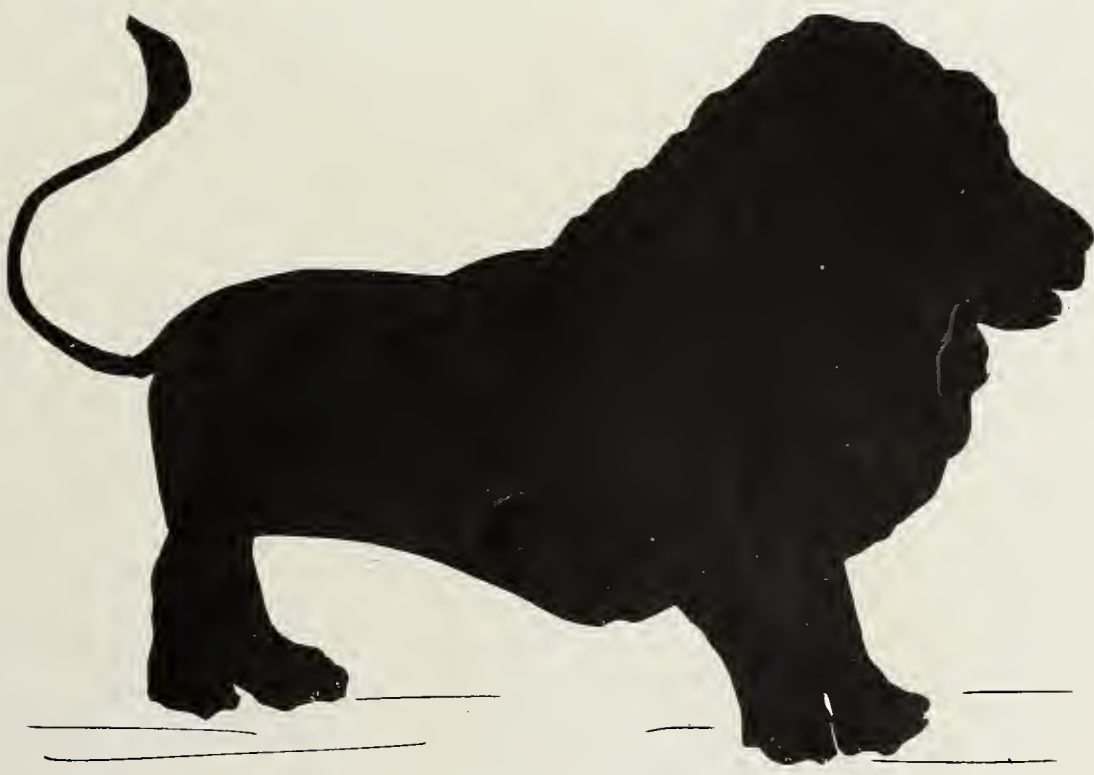
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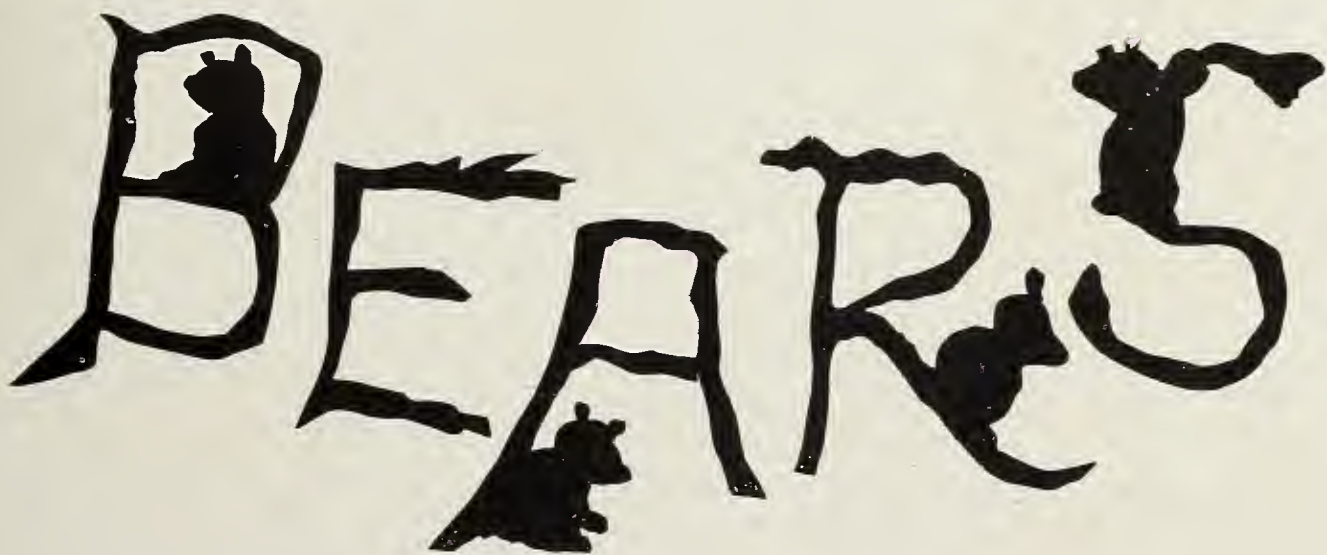
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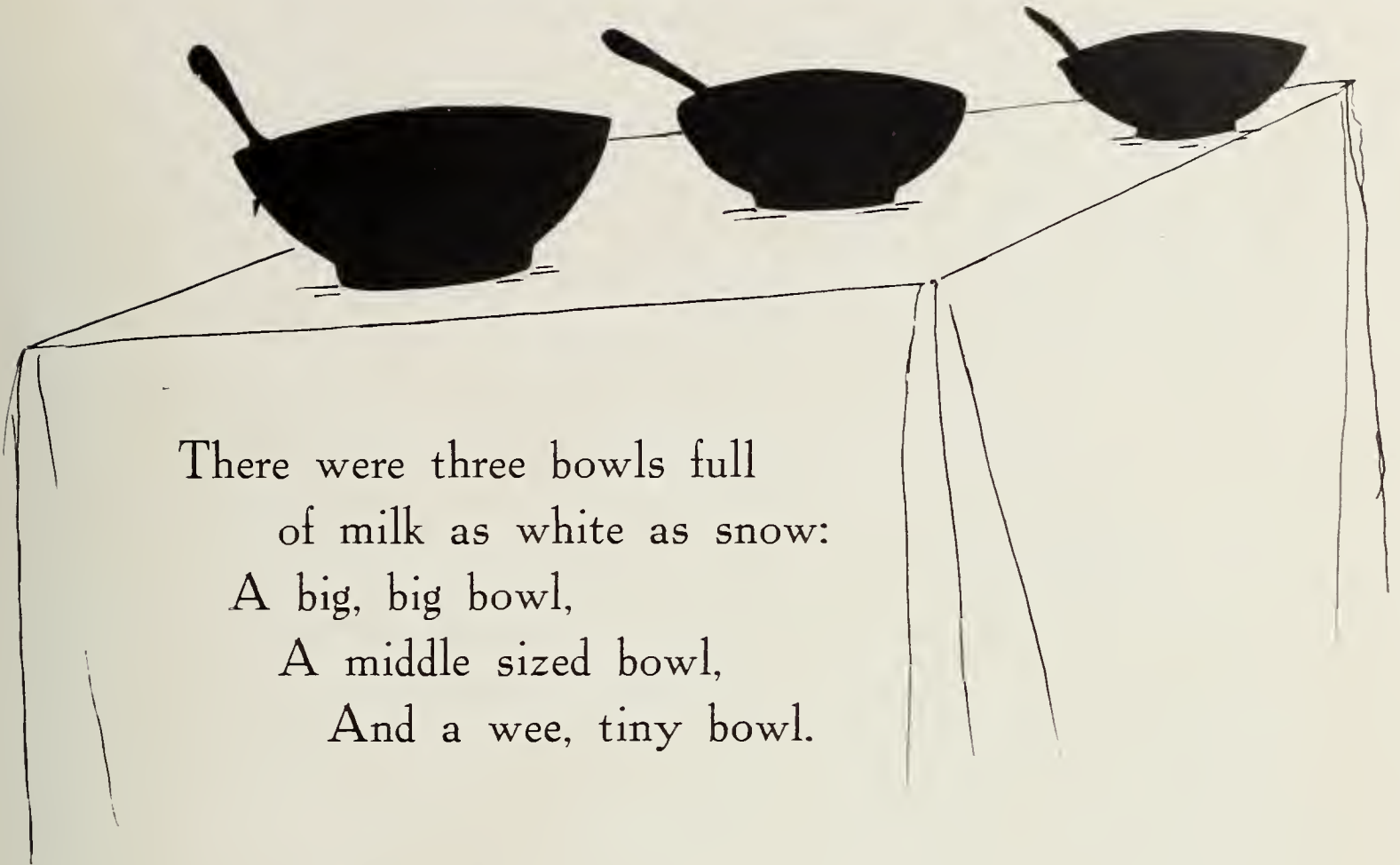
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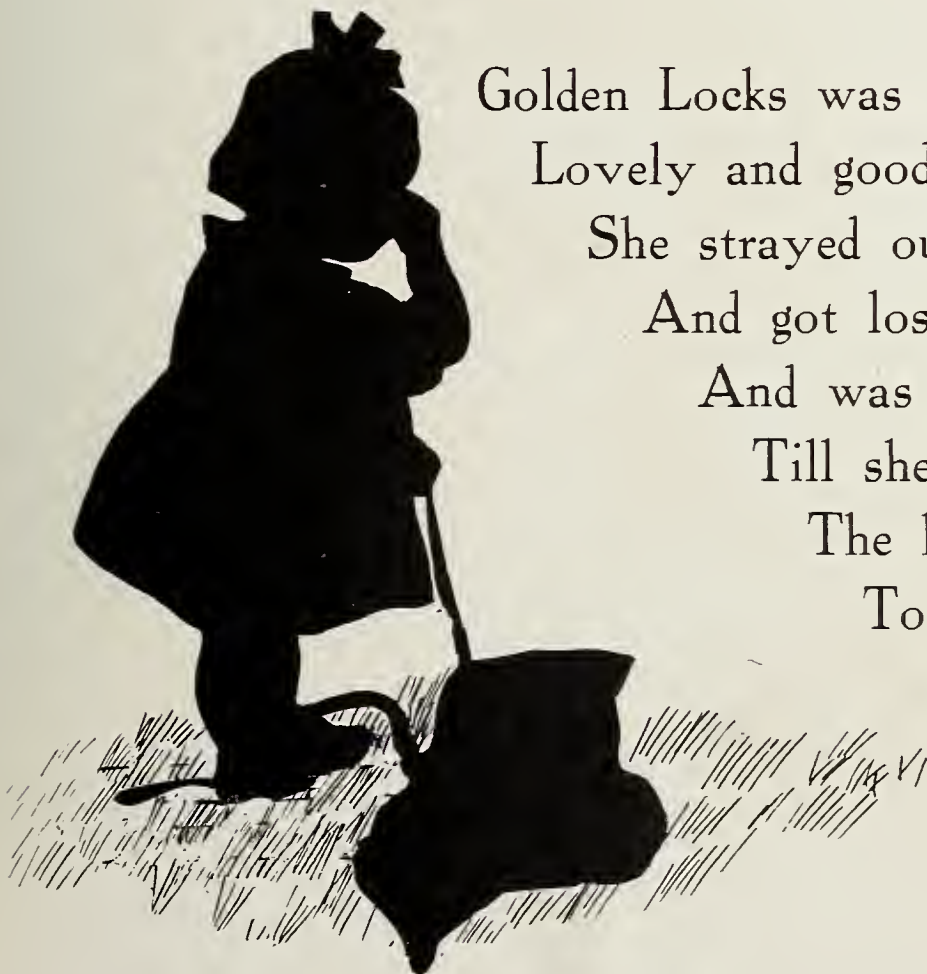


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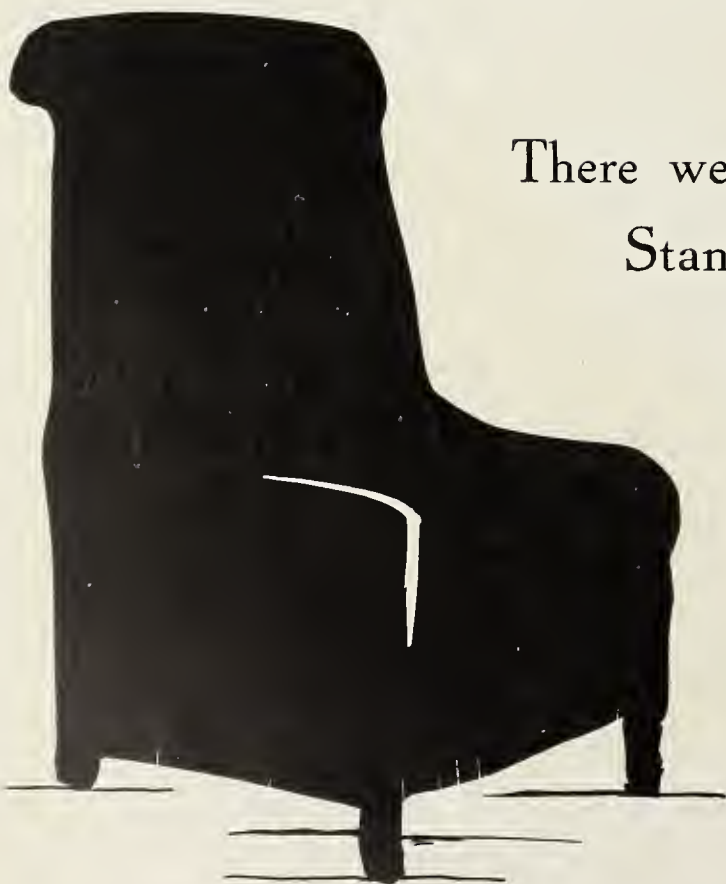




There were three bowls full
of milk as white as snow:
A big, big bowl,
A middle sized bowl,
And a wee, tiny bowl.



Golden Locks was a little girl,
Lovely and good.
She strayed out one day
And got lost in the wood,
And was lonely and sad,
Till she came where there stood
The house which belonged
To the Bears.



There were three chairs

Standing all in a row:

A big, big chair,

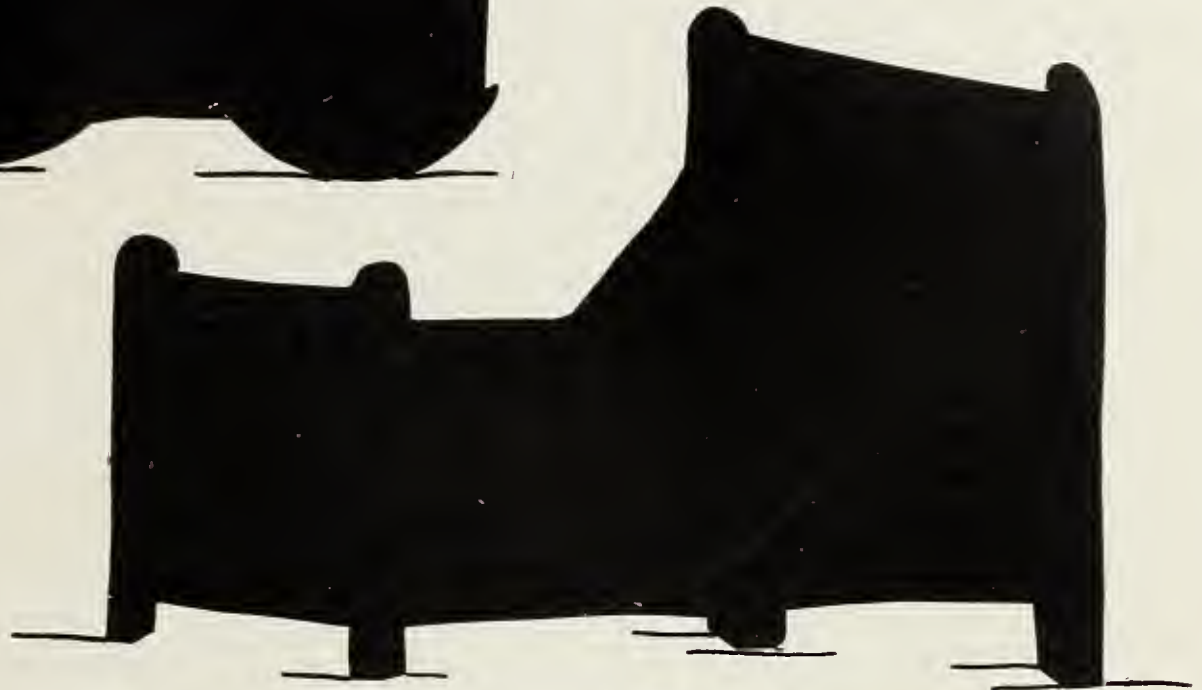
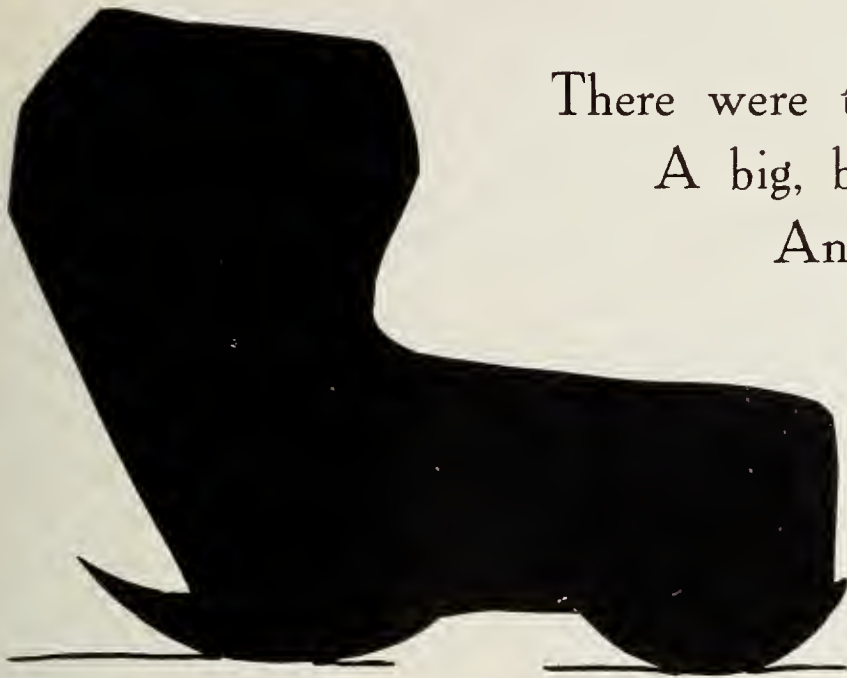
A middle sized chair,

And a wee, tiny chair.

There were three beds by the wall:

A big, big bed, a middle sized bed,

And a wee, tiny bed.







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“Who’s been sitting in my chair,
And broken it all into pieces?”



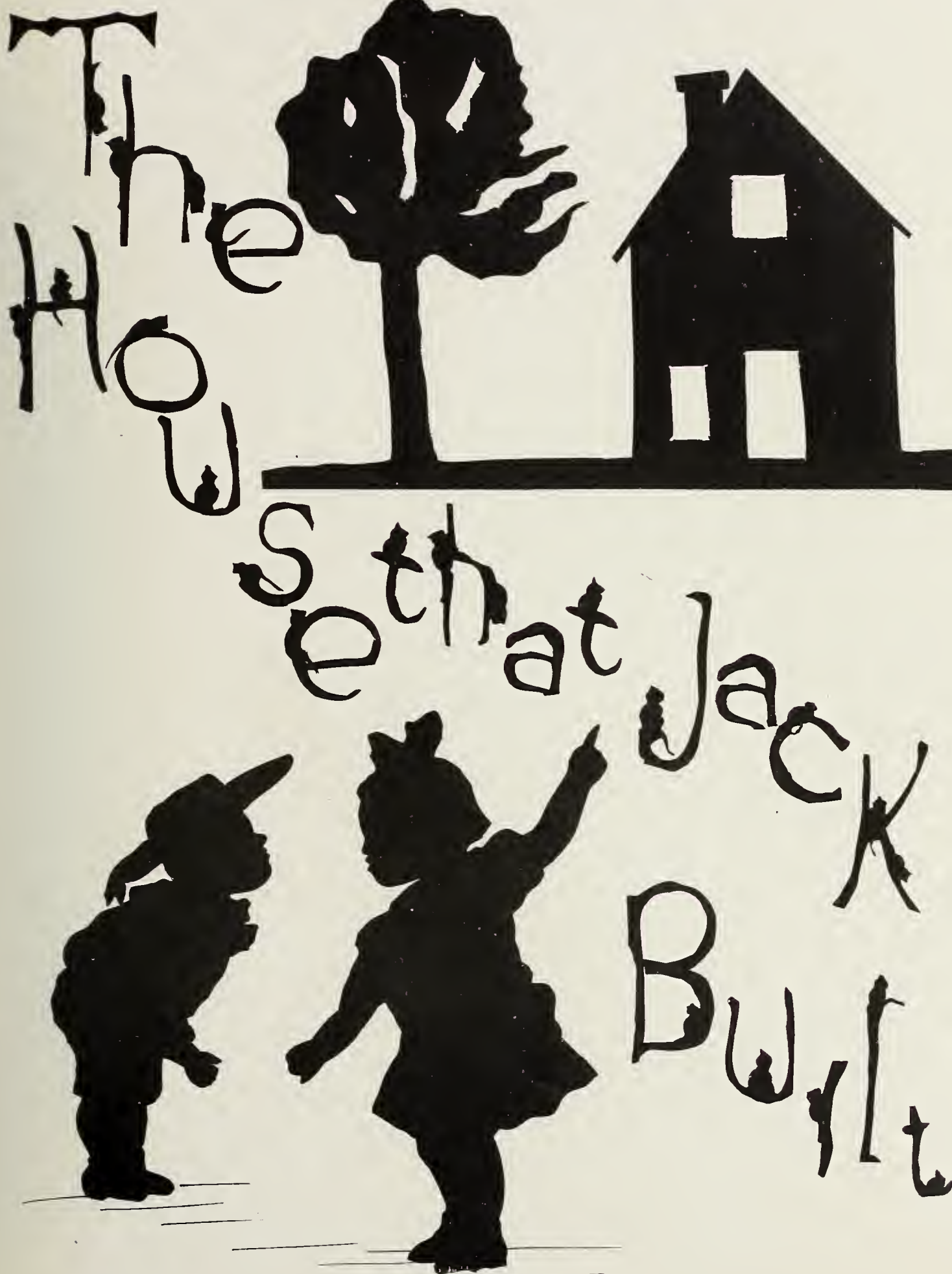
“Nothing ever was sweeter.
Let’s kiss her and send her home!”





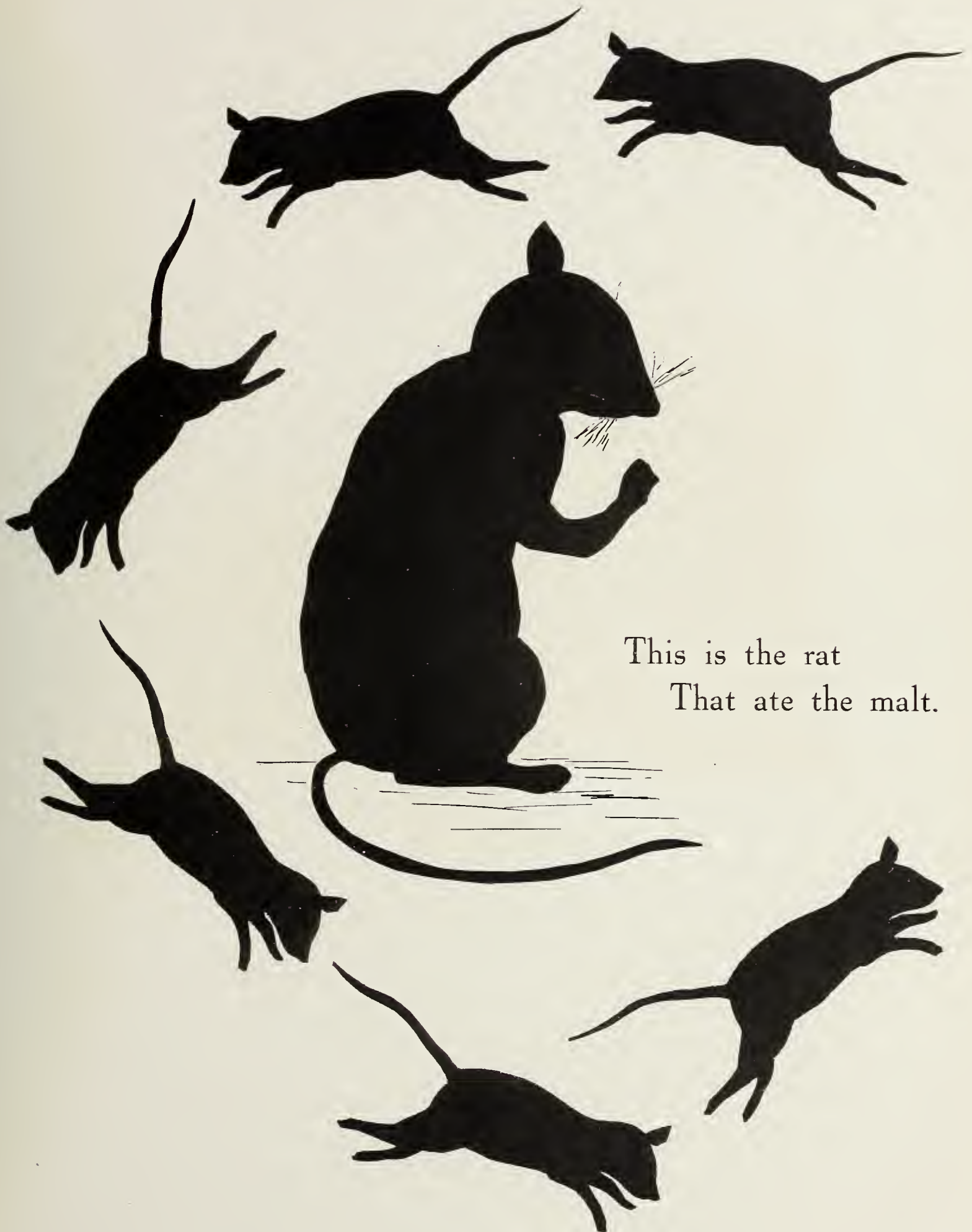
There was a jolly miller
Lived on the River Dee.
Said he, "I care for nobody,
If nobody cares for me."







This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the rat
That ate the malt.



This is the cat that killed the rat.



This is the dog that worried the cat.



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This is the cow that tossed the dog.



This is the maiden all forlorn.

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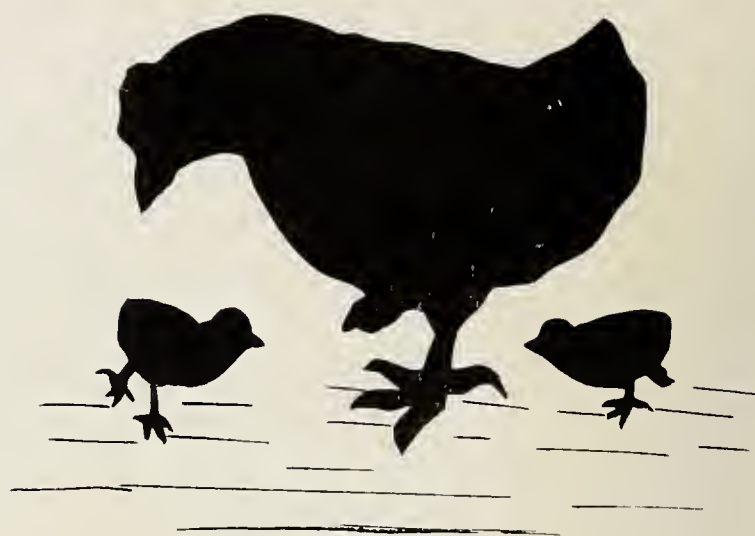


This is the man all tattered and torn.



This is the priest all shaven and shorn.

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This is the cock that crowed at morn.





This is the farmer
sowing his corn.

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This is the house that Jack built. This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the maiden all forlorn who milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the man all tattered and torn who loved the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the



cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the priest all shaven and shorn who married the man all tattered and torn who loved the maiden all forlorn who milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the cock that crew at morn to wake the priest all shaven and shorn who married the man all tattered and torn who loved the maiden all forlorn who milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn who owned the cock that crew at morn to wake the priest all shaven and shorn who married the man all tattered and torn who loved the maiden who milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house



his corn who owned the cock that crew at morn to wake the priest all shaven and shorn who married the man all tattered and torn who loved the maiden who milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

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